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WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. III

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1816.

NO. 25.

HISTORY OF
Maria Arnold.

An affecting Tale.

(Concluded from our last.)

WHEN I came within sight of the parsonage, my sensations nearly overcame me. Here I once fondly hoped to have found the same domestic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but mark the mutability of human bliss! This spot, so lately the abode of happiness and of innocence now appeared the seat of solitude, of sorrow and of death. Scarce had I resolution to approach the house; for although I well knew the resignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recall those scenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his sufferings and fresh misery to his painful task. The villagers were assembled on the green, dressed in their neatest clothes, and those who could afford it in black. There was not a whisper heard among them; the tear rolled down their honest cheeks, and on their features dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret. A lane was form-

ed for me as I passed along; we interchanged not a word. I cast my eyes upon the ground, they wept aloud—I was so much affected I could scarce sit upon my horse, and leaving it at a small cottage when I got through them, I went to the parsonage on foot, I entered, and meeting a servant in the hall he pointed to the parlour and retired. I advanced towards it: the door was half open, and, sliding softly in, a spectacle presented itself whose impression will never be erased from my memory. In the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria: the lid was taken off, and beside it, in his robes, knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold. Maria's lifeless hand was locked in his, and on her clay-cold corse was fixed his streaming eyes.

A considerable shade was thrown over the room, the windows looking upon the green being closed up, but through the garden window the sun broke in, and shone full upon the features of Arnold: his countenance was pale, languid, but remarkably interesting, and received a peculiar degree of expression from the tint of the morning

light: and his hair, which had early become white was scattered in thin portions over his forehead. I stood impressed with awe, my soul was filled with compassion, and I wished to indulge my sorrow; but as Arnold did not perceive me, I thought it best not to interrupt him, and was going to retire, when suddenly rising up, he exclaimed, "Farewell, my Maria! thou wert the solace of mine age, farewell; Oh, if thy unembodied spirit still hovers o'er this scene of things, be present to thy afflicted father; pour comfort into his wounded bosom; sure to do this will be thy paradise, Maria, and sure thou hast met with thy reward. What if unavailing regret still tortures this distracted heart, still brings thy injured form to view, yet through the mercies of my God, will I look forward with hope;—I will meet thee, O my daughter, in Heaven. God of mercies hear me!" "He will, he will thou good old man," I cried, "he will listen to thy prayer." Arnold started; Is it thou, my son?" he said; and falling upon my neck he wept; then presently recovering himself he advanced with composure towards the coffin: "Come hither," he cried "and view the remains of fallen innocence and beauty: see my son, what one step from rectitude of conduct has produced; see the unfortunate Maria."—I advanced, and kneeling down, kissed the pale hand of Maria: a sweet serenity dwelt upon her features, and she seemed to be asleep. I would have spoken, but I could not: I sighed in a convulsive manner, for the tumult of my spirits quite oppressed me; and Arnold observing this, seized my arm, and ordering the coffin to be screwed down con-

veyed me into another room. Here, in a little a time, I recovered some calmness of mind, and Arnold, taking me by the hand, desired me to collect all my fortitude. "I go to bury my Maria," he said, "but let not the murmurings of discontent break in upon the sacred rite: to Providence, not to us, the chastenings of mortality are given."—Having said this, he quitted the room, and giving orders for the procession, proceeded to the church. In a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white satin, and here half a dozen young women, dressed in black, with white sashes, supported it, whilst as many in the same habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it. They sung a dirge adapted to the occasion, and with slow and solemn steps went forward to the church. The whole village followed, and never was sorrow better painted than in the features of the mournful groupe. I loitered at a little distance, absorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections.

—The bell
Of death beat slow!—

It paused now, and now with rising knell
Flung to the hollow gale its sullen sound,

MASON.

The wind sighed through the yew trees, and the face of nature seemed to darken with oppressive gloom. We entered the church, where, after all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun. A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold; and as he pronounced the sublime and pathetic language of the service, a kind of divine enthusiasm



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MARRIED.

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, Mr. Cornelius Roosevelt Duffie, merchant, to Miss Helen Bleeker, daughter of Mr. James Bleeker.

By the same, capt. William Hartt, of Troy, to Miss Eliza W. Dunn, of this city.

By the same, Philemon Dickerson, esq. of Paterson, (N. J.) to Miss Sydney M. Stotesbury, of this city.

By the rev. Archibald Maclay, Mr. John W. Brown, merchant, to Miss Maria Wilkinson, all of this city.

By the same, Mr. Joseph Vail, to Miss Jane Burt, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Laurence Van Dyck, merchant, to Miss Catherine Wynkoop, daughter of the late John C. Wynkoop, esq.

By the same, Mr. George B. Everitt merchant, to Miss Mary Catharine Stanton, daughter of Henry Stanton of Brooklyn.

By the rev. Mr. Whelpley, Dr. John C. Osborn, to Miss Louisa Payne, all of this city.

By the same, Mr. Daniel Edward Dunscomb, to Miss Caroline Matilda Mumford, daughter of John P. Mumford, esq.

By the rev. William Parkinson, Mr. Robert Bruce, to Miss Margaret Tiebout, daughter of Mr. John Tiebout, Bookseller of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Berrian, capt. Thomas M. Read, of the U. S. army, to Miss Charlotte E. Berrian, daughter of James Berrian, merchant, of this city.

By the rev. Thomas C. Brownell, Mr. P. Carles, to Miss Mary Ann Haviland, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Samuel Marvin, esq. to Mrs. Jane Irvin, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Borek, Mr. John King, to Miss Rachel C. King, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Ichabod Hoit, Printer, to Miss Margaret Earle, daughter of Mr. Joseph Earle, all of this city.

At Friends' Meeting House, (Flushing,) Mr. Thomas Leggett, junr. merchant, of this city, to Miss Ann Harrington, of the former place.

At Whitestone, (L. I.) by the rev. Mr. Bulkely, Mr. Joseph L. Franklin, of Flushing, to Miss Mary Fitch, daughter of the late Joseph Fitch, esq.

At New-Brunswick Mr. Charles Raisbeck, to Miss Sally Combs, of Upper Freehold.

The City Inspector reports the death of ^{5⁶} persons in this city, during the week ending on Saturday the 13th inst.

DIED.

Mr. Gerald M'Enery, aged 31.

Mr. William Hamilton, aged 46, late a lieut. in the 41st regt.

Mr. John Levett.

Mrs. Eliza Douglas Williams, aged 33 years, wife of Mr. John Williams.

Mr. Archibal Campbell, aged 37.

Mr. Oliver L. Cosine.

Mrs. Maria Saunders.

Mr. John Jackson, aged 35.

Mr. Thomas Duggin, aged 75.

In the 68th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah De Moffree.

On the 11th, inst. John Tieffy died in Bridewell; he had been taken out of the street the evening before, in a state of intoxication. Also, Martin M'Lean, picked up in the East River, had been ten weeks drowned: he was a fruit-seller of this city, about 40 years of age.—On the 12th, Mary Ann Mathews, at the corner of Market and Banker streets—suicide by taking laudanum.

The following justly merited tribute of respect was received too late for last week's Museum.

On Friday morning the 5th instant, after a long and tedious illness, which he bore with unexampled patience and resignation, Mr. JONATHAN DIXON, merchant, aged 50 years, and on Sunday morning his remains were conveyed to Hanover, (N. J.) and deposited with those of his forefathers and relatives, who like him have passed away.

To his family and friends, his loss is irreparable, and will be severely felt while memory lasts.... As a Father and a Husband he was tender and affectionate in the extreme. Conscientiously correct in his dealings, warm and sincere in his friendship: generous and kind to the distressed, the unfortunate ever knew him as their benefactor.

He delighted in acts of benevolence and in assisting his fellow men.

At his lodgings in Georgetown, the honorable Richard Stanford, a Representative in Congress from the state of North Carolina, aged 47 years. His complaint was the erysipelas, originating, it is believed, in the common cold.

At Warsaw, Jan. 6, 1815, aged 125 years, Francois Ignace Nadosky, a Polanese gentleman. He married the second time at the age of 92, and has a daughter by his second wife. In 1806 the Polish Government granted him a pension of 3000 florins, which the Emperor Alexander paid him while he lived.

IRISH SPECTACLES

The late General B—, going post to Ireland, on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at an inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks, which he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up to his table. The General's desire had been just complied with, when some country bucks came in, hungry as hawks, after a morning's sport.—They eagerly inquired what could be had to eat? Like a true Boniface, the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things, mentioned the ducks, which had been only a moment before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner.—“Irish jontleman,” gibingly exclaimed one of the chagrin'd group; “d—n me!—I'll lay fifty to five, the fellow does not know B from a bull's foot.—Here, water, take my watch up to the jontleman, and present my compliments to him and request him to tell me what o'clock it is.”

The General heard the message, took the watch, and with great temper returned his respects, with an assurance, that as soon as he had dined, he would endeavor to satisfy the inquiry. The bucks, chuckling at the embarrassment they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they would get; but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who with that politeness which, is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were seated, and presenting the watch—“Gentlemen, said he, “I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little time ago, I presume he is short sighted, and have brought him this pair of spectacles, (pointing to a case of large pistols he held under his arm) to remedy the defect.” The joke was gone—the bucks were silent—The General deliberately put the watch into his sob, with a declaration that secured it to

him forever. “Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the owner is not among you, whenever he claims it, he shall have it, but never *without a trial of the spectacles.*”

DEATH BED REPENTANCE.

When the edge of appetite is worn down, and the spirit of youthful days are cooled, which hurried us on in a circle of pleasure and impertinence,... then reason and reflection will have the weight which they deserve ;... afflictions, or the bed of sickness, will supply the place of conscience ;... and if they should fail,... old age will overtake us at last,...and shew us the past pursuit of life,... and force us to look upon them in their true point of view. If there be any thing more to cast a cloud upon so melancholy a prospect as this shews us... it is surely the difficulty and hazard of having all the work of the day to perform in the last hour : of making an atonement to God when we have no sacrifice to offer him, but the dregs and infirmities of those days when we could have no pleasure in them. Whatever stress some may lay upon it... a death bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all upon.

The Country is the place from whence the Court, as in its true distance, appears full of charms, and worthy our admiration: But, if a man come near it, its perfections decrease, just as those of a fine *Landscape*, when you behold it at a close view.

Licentiousness in opinion always makes way for licentiousness in practice.

THE MUSEUM

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